

Corsicana, Sept. 24th, 1886.

My Own Dear Darling, Ella:

I shall have to ask you to excuse a pencil to-night, since ink is not to be obtained. Your letter written on the 21st I did not receive till this morning.

It rained here all last night and all day to-day. The ground is thoroughly soaked. I finished my book work to-day. It will contain about 30 pages. The printing will not be finished till the early part of next week, and then I will send you one.

Your letter wasn't very long, but I guess you have been very busy helping your sister prepare for the trip. I was overly anxious to get it, since I was disappointed

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yesterday morning. I sincerely trust
that your sister's trip will have the desired
effect of diverting her mind as much as
possible from the sad subject; but then
it is a blow that she will never wholly
recover from. We can only pray God's mercy
upon the grief stricken heart, so that she may
become reconciled and live in hope of the
promise of meeting him in a land where
death and sorrow have no domain.

To-morrow I will be idle, and I know I will
be restless. If I only had something to employ
myself with, other than books when out of work
it wouldn't be so bad. I often think if I had a
little place and could put in my spare moments
improving it, it would be so much better; but
to stay around an old hotel all day and do
nothing is anything but pleasant to me. I can't
commence on that other book till next week.

No, I have never seen nor heard from Mr.
Adams since I was at McGregor. I don't see
wherein he claims such a forcible impression
of a partnership ever likely to exist between
us, certainly I am in the dark on the subject.

Well, it is late now, and I guess I will read my bible and go to bed.

I hope our mind will get regular once more, so there will be some satisfaction in looking for letters.

Love to all and bye, bye,

Your own loving Nat.